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UNIVERSITY CLUB

WEEK ENDING JUNE 10, 1916  
PRICE TEN CENTS

# Suck

CONVENTION  
NUMBER



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Painted by Raphael Kirchner

WIRELESS

**For Many Years**  
**No One Knew**  
**Why Light**  
**Spoiled Beer**

Science declares now that it is the ultra violet rays of light (the short rays) that decompose the protein (albumin) and ruin the wholesomeness of the beer.

**The only adequate protection**  
**is the Brown Bottle.**

That's why Schlitz in Brown Bottles tastes so good — its nutritive value is unimpaired.

**Drink**

**Order a Case Today**

**Schlitz**

*See that crown is  
branded "Schlitz"*

**in Brown  
Bottles**

**The Beer** 109-Mag.

**That Made Milwaukee Famous.**









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## "Pa's Got His New B.V.D.s On"

**H**E had old-fashioned notions, until the Boys went out, bought B. V. D. and made him put it on. Look at him! Now, Pa joins right in the young folks' fun, because he's cool.



Loose fitting, light woven B.V.D. Underwear starts with the best possible fabrics (specially woven and tested), continues with the best possible workmanship (carefully inspected and re-inspected), and ends with complete comfort (fullness of cut, balance of drape, correctness of fit, durability in wash and wear).

If it has  
This Red  
Woven Label



If it's  
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### A New Note in PUCK

In line with our policy of printing the newest in the world of art, Puck will next week present an example of the work of Carl Sprinchorn, a young Swede who has been studying in this country under Robert Henri. Mr. Sprinchorn's drawings have received a marked degree of critical appreciation, and we quote from some of the New York newspaper comments on a recent exhibition of his work:

Memory and the creative imagination are triumphant here. . . . The mind of the exploring artist here plays freely over the world, without need of passport or schedule. The artist's fancy and skill play together like joyous comrades. —*The Evening Sun*.

Though all these rapid little sketches are of value, those in pen and ink, with or without added color, are especially noteworthy. They are more than clever. They possess a truly remarkable quality of line, both beautiful and interpretative. With a few hurried strokes the artist secures a wonderful rendering of character and action. —*The Tribune*.

Sprinchorn's drawings have the charm of seeming to have been done rapidly and with easy authority, and yet each is a work of separate seriousness; and intense expression of life. And they not only represent life, but also have a capacity of communicating life to one's imagination that is quite unusual. —*The American*.

The European war has considerably restricted the output of art in the centers from which Puck in the past drew many of its most notable features. Most of the celebrated French and German illustrators are at the front, and it is an unusual opportunity, therefore, that makes it possible for us to introduce the work of so eminent an artist as Mr. Sprinchorn.



The Serenade by B. Wennerberg

## A Splendid Piece of Color

By B. Wennerberg  
One of Munich's famous artists

Reproduced on heavy plate paper,  
all ready for framing  
and sent prepaid for

25c

IN STAMPS

Size 11 x 14 inches

PUCK PUBLISHING CORPORATION  
210 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK



T. R.—"I double-dare you to nominate anyone else but a man who is an ex-President, a Spanish-American veteran, an author, an associate editor, a discoverer, a fighter and a man of peace, and 'the only man who can tear Wilson to pieces.' Personally I am not for any candidate!"

### The Prodigal's Good Fortune

The Prodigal Son returning, the Father fell upon his neck and kissed him, saying meanwhile: "Kill the fatted calf!"

Pleased at the prospect of a feast, the by-standers were nevertheless a trifle nonplussed at the warmth of the greeting.

"I do this," explained the Father, "because he is a Prodigal Son. Had he been a Favorite Son returning, I—well, I hate to tell you what I should probably have done to him. The thought is too awful."

And a shudder ran through the household, for the woods were full of Favorite Sons, all afraid to go home.

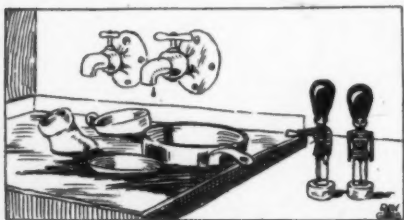
### A Farmer's Prosperity

Farmer Corning was asked whether he had had a good year.

"Gosh, yes!" he exclaimed. "I had four cows and three hogs killed by railway trains and two hogs and eleven chickens killed by automobiles. I cleared near a thousand dollars."

### Vast Sums Go Up Yearly In Smoke

The article referred to the \$50,000,000 waste in factory gases, not the trivial two billion per year which goes up in cigarette smoke.



"Trouble is, Jimmy, that no one knows where this naval increase is going to stop."

Approved by Dr.  
Harvey W. Wiley,  
Director of Food  
Housekeeping  
Bureau of Food,  
Sanitation and  
Health.

## AN OUNCE of NUJOL IS WORTH A POUND of "CURE"

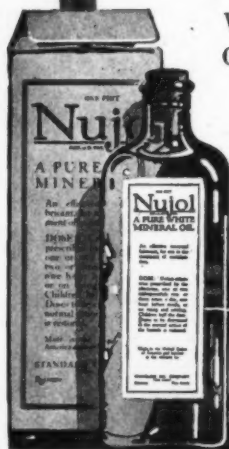
Use NUJOL to PREVENT constipation

A LITTLE care about eating, a moderate amount of exercise, and the use of Nujol as an internal lubricant to counteract any tendency to costiveness will keep most people from constipation.

Nujol relieves constipation without upsetting the digestive processes or forming a habit. It acts in effect as a mechanical lubricant, softening the contents of the intestines and so encouraging normal, healthy bowel movements.

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Drawn by William C. Morris

RACE SUICIDE



It is not strange that Mr. Edison should be so unreservedly for the Colonel. In the line of tireless conversation, the Colonel may remind him of his favorite invention, the phonograph.

Almost the greatest rise, says a letter from Berlin, has been in fats. That, likewise, is the complaint of many desperate women who are trying to reduce.

"If Mr. Root had accepted a renomination for the United States Senate in 1914 and had been elected by the people, we should have heard no talk now about his being a weak candidate."

—Ex-Secretary of War Stimson.

Precisely; if —

The least, it seems, that the Progressives can do is to hold a sham battle at Armageddon.

A man fell seventeen stories down an elevator shaft and broke only his legs. That isn't the wonderful part of it, however. He had a cigarette in his teeth when he started to fall and he continued to smoke it when he reached the bottom of the shaft. There is grand advertising copy here for some firm of cigarette manufacturers.

"I asked for bread and ye gave me a machine gun," is a summary of recent news from Mannheim.

When it comes to studied seclusion, it is hard to say which is in deeper, Villa or Hughes.

Looking over the political field, the Bull Moose may possibly compare itself with the hapless gentleman in the song: "All dressed up and no place to go."

Favorite Sons are not as well treated as they used to be. Take Joseph, for instance. He was a favorite son, and his father made him a coat of many colors. A favorite son, in present-day politics, is mighty lucky if he doesn't lose his shirt.

The drift of Republican sentiment toward Justice Hughes is pronounced among what are known as the "Old Guardsmen."

—Washington wire.

Old Guardsmen forgive and forget. There was no such drift among them in the days when Hughes was laying bare the secrets of the Republican National campaign fund.

The Convention Sergeant-at-Arms has been given strict instructions to enforce the rule against the carrying of concealed hypheens.



Drawn by William C. Morris

THE GRAND OLD PARTY "AT SEA"—"Oh! for a pilot! oh! for a policy!"



Drawn by Boardman Robinson

Tentative Measures





## THE NEWS IN RIME

Verses by Berton Braley

Drawings by Merle Johnson

T. R. is attacking  
Hank Ford, and is whacking  
All pacifist persons, methinks;  
We know where his hat is,  
But back of a lattice  
Of whiskers, Judge Hughes is a Sphinx.

The G. O. P. ticket—  
Who'll head it? Who'll pick it?  
The bunch to Chicago has swarmed,  
Just what its intention  
May be in convention  
We hope to be quickly informed.

The task Democratic  
Is less problematic;  
In fact, we would wager a yen,  
That down in St. Louis  
The object in view is  
To run Mr. Wilson again.

The news now at hand is  
That Louis D. Brandeis  
Will land on the bench—as he should;  
His foes have been fervent  
—They've proved that this servant  
Of men is a power for good!

Police in Manhattan  
Are taking much chat in  
By tapping the wires of the phones;  
Wise folk will apply for  
A telephone cipher  
And talk in inaudible tones.



To give us more daylight,  
Less work and more playlight,  
It's planned to set clocks on an hour,  
At least for the summer;  
But Time—the old bummer—  
Will still hold us firm in his power.

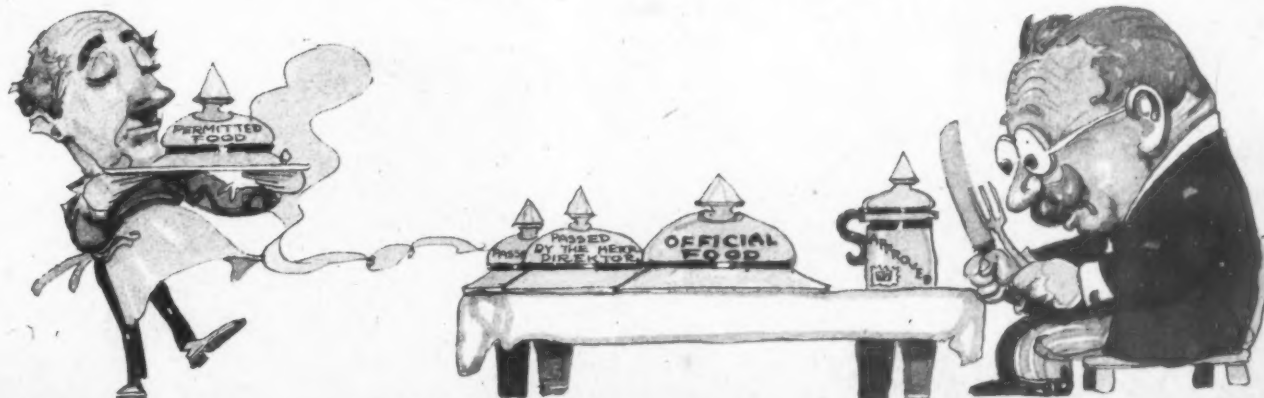
Yet, some people cheat him,  
Hans Wagner has beat him  
And Lajoie scorns his attack;  
And—oh you fans, listen  
Right closely to this un—  
Old Matty, "The Marster"'s come back!

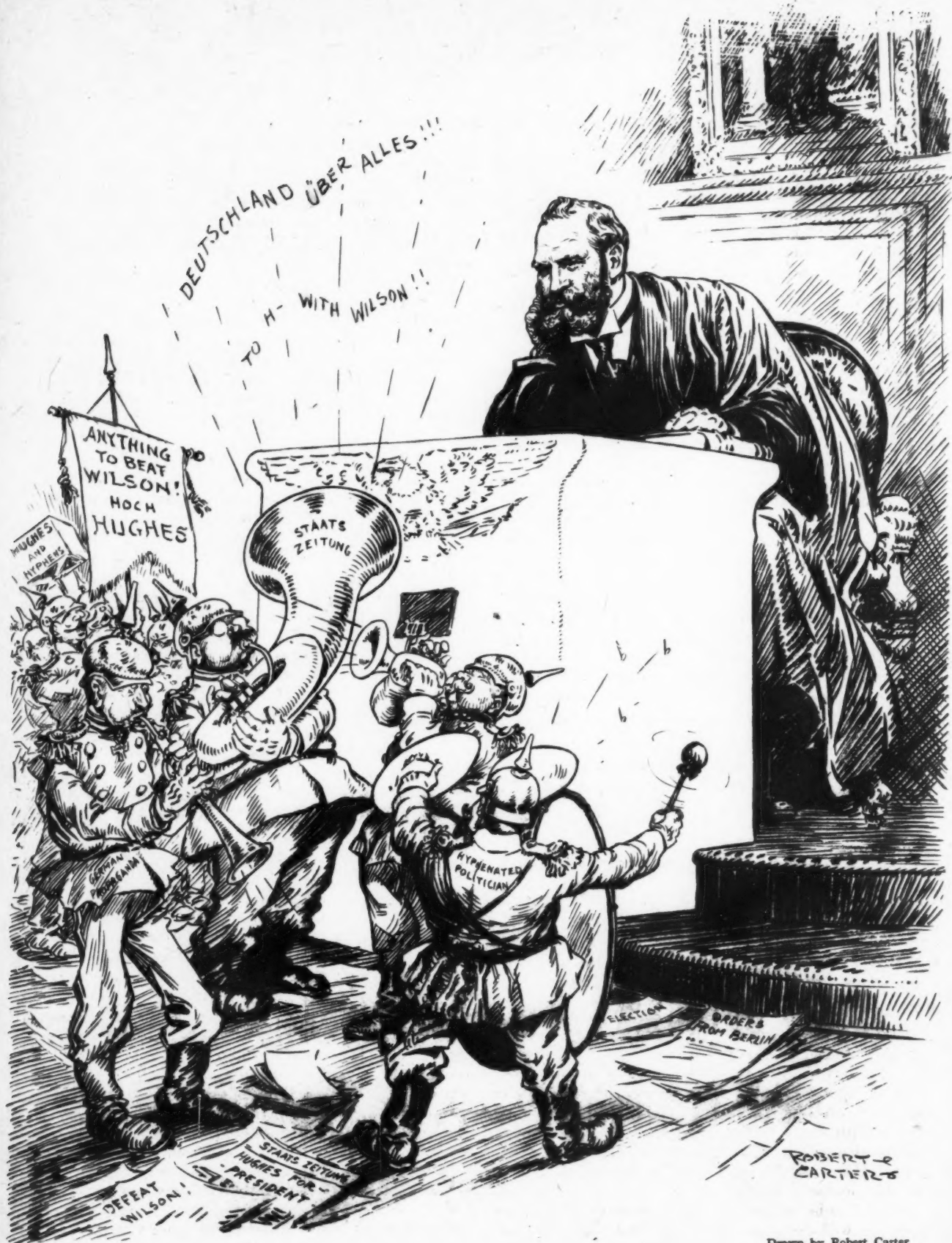
The Austrians, also,  
Who once used to fall so  
Remarkably hard in each scrap,  
Have won some medallions  
By chasing Italians  
A number of miles on the map.

Yes, comebacks are many,  
But queerest of any  
Is that Holland ship, in whose hold  
A war cargo nestles  
Although the stout vessel's  
A hundred and fifty years old!

Uprisings and riot?  
The Teutons deny it!  
Food shortage? They scoff it, pooh pooh!  
But somehow, we're judging,  
Where there's so much smudging,  
Perhaps there's a fire or two.

Us Authors, far-sighted,  
Have lately united  
With labor—we're unionized now!  
Which means more sesterces  
For these deathless verses,  
Or that's what we hope, anyhow!





Drawn by Robert Carter

"I HEAR YOU CALLING ME"





Ruck

VOL. LXXIX No. 2049  
WEEK ENDING JUNE 10, 1916



## The Republican Convention

**C**OINCIDENT with the appearance of this issue of PUCK upon the news-stands there is assembling in Chicago a body styling itself the Republican National Convention, which might be described more characteristically as a national gathering of the unemployed.

For the third time since it first came into power, the Republican party meets in National Convention as the party out of power. On the two previous occasions it had dominant candidates and live issues with which to regain control of the government. This time its sole asset is a long bread-line of ex-office-holders. Except that the rank and file may get their jobs back in the Federal government it would be difficult even for the delegates to give a reason why the Republicans should hold a National Convention this year at all.

**T**HE party has no candidate upon whom any considerable number of its members are agreed.

Among its possible nominees is one whose opinions upon any question now concerning the administration of the government are absolutely unknown and cannot be made known with propriety until after his nomination; another recently has seen one of the products of his "constructive statesmanship" repudiated by more than a half-million voters in his state; and still another is not even a member of the party.

Aside from these three "leading candidates," none of whom ever has said he was a candidate, the Favorite Sons are so little known that most of them would have to be introduced to one another.

**T**HE party is as bankrupt in issues as it is in candidates. Peace prevails in our relations with foreign nations and at home, unless Col. Roosevelt or Col. Bryan or the American Kaiserbund has started something since this was written.

Prosperity reigns everywhere—except among Federal ex-office-holders.

Preparedness is assured by the new Army and Navy legislation despite the efforts of the Pacifists and of the Militarists.

Peace, Prosperity and Preparedness! A Democratic Trinity—no longer issues, but accomplished facts.

**T**HERE yet remain for Republican consideration the sacred Tariff, the offices and the Kaiserbund vote.

If the Republicans bring the Tariff into this campaign they will have to bring it in on a stretcher, for it has been all "shot to pieces" in the European war. Until economic conditions following peace in Europe can be known with some degree of certainty, a discussion of radical changes in tariff schedules will not be apt to impress many persons outside of Bloomingdale, Kankakee and similar institutions.

It is not to be expected, however, that the Republican Ephraim will desert his principal idol, but will continue to worship even its shattered remnants. He will do this in the interest of what he calls Business, but

what most Republican politicians call business, the masses of the people call grand larceny.

The thought of the offices ought to operate in the interest of harmony, at least. Hunger for office is gripping the vitals of the followers of those erstwhile Bosses, suddenly translated into leaders—the Barneses, Penroses, Cannons, Cranes, *et al*—as the scent of the fleshpots mingles with the odor of Chicago's historic stockyards.

For the Republican Convention to make a servile bid for the Kaiserbund vote will be to confess the party as bankrupt in principles as it is in candidates and issues, and to invite the nomination of a third ticket headed by the world's greatest living professional American.

## A Fifth Avenue Compromise

**O**N the theory that all good Americans before they die visit Fifth Avenue as well as Paris, we assume that the "Save New York" movement, started by the reputable merchants of this great shopping thoroughfare, possesses an interest vastly wider than its merely local application.

The sponsors of this appeal, embracing all the great retail stores of "The Avenue," have asked the co-operation of the public in stemming the tide of manufacturing and the sweated industries that has entirely changed the character of the lower Fifth Avenue. These merchants argue—and quite rightly—that the greatest shopping street in America will be but a memory unless the sweat-shop is removed from the retail district and established where it will be less damaging to property values.

So much for what the merchant asks of the public—which doubtless will throw its sentiment heartily with the stores, because it is decidedly to the public's interests to do so.

**B**UT the casual passer-by on Fifth Avenue has a favor to ask of the reputable merchant in return, and that is the elimination of the catch-penny "specialty" shop into which the unwary shopper is lured by false values and robbed with a true bandit's nonchalance.

We believe that the woman of moderate means should be protected from the harpy who entices her into his shop by exhibiting a windowful of \$5.00 waists when there isn't one on display purchasable at under \$15.00. She should also have a measure of protection against the fly-by-night milliner who sells at \$50.00 as an "imported French model" a shoddy piece of headgear that hasn't cost \$1.50 to produce. So, too, with the antiquarian displaying silver manufactured in Connecticut within a twelvemonth—hall-marked "1776" and hawked at a fancy price to the unsuspecting.

"*Caveat emptor*" has ceased to be a respectable tenet of trade. It is written along Fifth Avenue to-day in big letters. Let the really reputable stores—and there are scores of them—wipe it out at the same time they are banishing the sweat-shop. The buying public will be quick to show its gratitude.

## The Republican Candidates

by Samuel Smiley

The principal candidates for the Presidential nomination at the Republican National Convention, not necessarily in the order of their precedence — I do not pretend to give their numbers, but Wilson has them all, I believe — are as follows:

### THE COLONEL

Contrary to popular belief, the Colonel is not of supernatural origin. He was not even precocious until he let go of Platt's hand and tried to walk alone.

Later in life he became a "practical man." (References: The estate of E. H. Harriman and "the great Morgan interests that have been so friendly to us.")

The Colonel is noted as a discoverer. He has discovered nearly everything except a way to get back into the White House.

He is well known as a naturalist. He is the man who put the bull in Bull Moose and also in the China shop.

As a statesman — well, I am giving biographical facts, not expressing opinions — but I will say this: He is all right as far as he can see — without his glasses.

### MR. JUSTICE HUGHES

Mr. Justice Hughes is the antithesis of the Colonel, who is the "Big Noise," you know.

While the Colonel is a man of decision, Justice Hughes is a man of decisions.

His views and opinions are well known.

He is unalterably committed to upholding the Constitution of the United States.

He is a firm believer in baptism by immersion.

He is known to favor the enforcement of the Revised Statutes.

Justice Hughes, like the Colonel, is also celebrated as an author. His recent works are published under the title of "Reports of the Supreme Court of the United States."

The opinions of Justice Hughes on the issues of the campaign, so far as known at

of the Republican party is "consult your grandmother about everything," but for many years the Republican party has refused to take grandma's advice unless it had Elihu Root's "O. K."

Judged by his latest speeches Mr. Root is for peace, but it is the same kind of peace that the Colonel is for.

For pleasure riding he is fond of the auto; for business he prefers the steam roller.

Although the oldest in years of the candidates, it is thought he would not be opposed at the polls so much because of his age as on account of his previous condition of servitude.

He is frequently referred to as "the greatest living Republican statesman," but it has not made him vain because he has seen the others.

His latest service to the party was in helping Mr. Taft carry Utah and Vermont.

### THE FAVORITE SONS

Theodore E. Burton — Well and favorably known in Ohio.



"Fools Rush In —"

He is a persistent orator, being a man of few words, which he uses over and over again.

He is famous as a hunter and has a great collection of pelts, hides, horns, tusks and other trophies of the chase, including the political scalp lock of William Howard Taft.

He is renowned as a warrior. His principal victories were under the generalship of Platt, Hanna and Quay; his principal defeat was as commander of the army of the Lord. The two greatest battles of Armageddon were fought by Saul and the Colonel, both against the Philistines. (Score: Philistines, 1; Saul, 0; second battle: Philistines, 1; The Colonel, 0.)

He has had many thrilling adventures and many narrow escapes, but the only serious injuries he ever sustained were on the occasions when he was run over by a steam roller and by a Ford.

He is the founder of two well-known clubs — the "Añanias" and the "Molly-coddles." His own club is the "Big Stick."

He doesn't chew or smoke, but is addicted to the coffee habit.

this writing, are the same as those held by the statue of George Washington at the sub-Treasury and the marble lions in front of the New York Public Library.

It has been said of Justice Hughes that he will neither bargain nor barter for the nomination. One might go further and say that he will neither bargain nor barter nor barber.

He has done nothing to seek the nomination and he has not been around where the nomination could seek him.

His one utterance concerning his "candidacy," freely translated into German, has been, "Verboten." (Translation made for the benefit of the New York Staats-Zeitung, which is supporting him.)

Justice Hughes's supporters believe he will accept if nominated. Perhaps he will — if the Notification Committee can find him.

### ELIHU ROOT

Mr. Root has been Secretary of War and Secretary of State and United States Senator.

He is well and favorably known in Wall Street and is well known at Oyster Bay.

Woodrow Wilson has said that the policy



Sneaking in one of the children

John W. Weeks — Well and favorably known in Massachusetts.

Albert B. Cummins — Well and favorably known in Iowa.

Robt. M. La Follette — Well and favorably known in Wisconsin.

Samuel W. McCall — Well and favorably known in Massachusetts.

Lawrence Y. Sherman — Well and favorably known in Illinois.

Charles W. Fairbanks — Well and favorably known in Indiana.

The war has brilliantly demonstrated, says Talaat Bey, Turkish minister of the Interior, that the Turkish Empire is on a firm basis. The firm name, we might add, is Hohenzollern and Son.

Among the conveniences of the Republican Convention hall at Chicago will be "an emergency hospital equipped with medical and surgical appliances, including an operating table." Just the place for the Favorite Sons to go "under the knife" and have their hopes cut out.

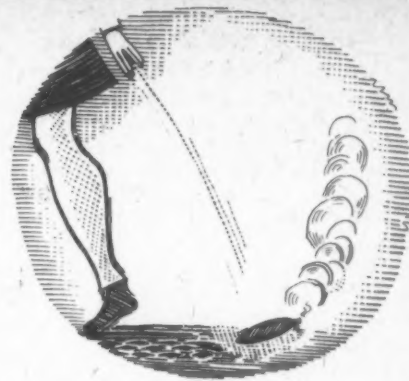




A plump cigar, myself when new,  
Both fair and chaste to outward view.



But, gentle reader, hie! Inside  
Of me great evil doth abide.



I hit the sidewalk with a whack,  
And there I fume upon my back.



A roustabout who's had some rye  
Detects me with a roving eye.



Rejoicing on his way he goes;  
I do my worst beneath his nose.



The rest I hesitate to tell—  
I'm charged with homicidal smell.

From a wood engraving by Jack Held

## THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CONVENTION CIGAR

### The Judicial Temperament

(An incident of the H-gh-s Campaign)

The scene was the inner office of the H-gh-s Headquarters. The candidate and his confidential campaign manager were closeted in secret session.

"If you could only get down to the people's level, Judge; to the level of the common man," said the Campaign Manager. "You must learn to talk to the people in their own language."

The candidate sighed deeply.

"Just what do you infer?" he asked.

"Just this," said his manager crisply. "You must forget for the time being the judicial temperament, forget all about the Supreme Court, forget Law. Take Teddy—damn him!—as a model. He gets down to the people. People don't care what he says; he can say any old thing; it's the way he says it that gets them. Here! Take this clipping and study it. It's a Roosevelt campaign speech; see if you can't do likewise."

Still sighing, the candidate took the clipping and, knitting his eyebrows, read.

"Let me see," he murmured. "Hat in the ring—second cup of coffee—Armageddon—Lord—coward—soul-awakening—hit the line hard—weakling—poltroon—politico-racial-hyphens—bully, by George—selfish men—true Americanism—copperhead—mollicoddles—cravens—square deal—comrades—big stick—delighted.' Gracious heavens! I can't talk like that."

"Yes, you can, Judge. You've got to!" cried the manager, starting to slap him on the back, and realizing just in time the enormity of the offense. "Just forget the

judicial temperament; forget the legal phraseology; in short, forget that you ever wrote a decision or a court opinion in your life. You get me, Judge?"

"I think so. I'll endeavor to conform," said the candidate.

And the next day but one, from the rear end of his campaign train, the candidate discarded the judicial temperament, and got down to the people as follows:

"My friends, comrades, hearers, auditors, listeners, fellow citizens, ladies—as the case may be—and gentlemen. It gives me great pleasure, joy, satisfaction, delight

or other agreeable emotion, feeling or sensation to greet, accost or salute the voters of this hamlet, village, town or community.

"In coming to you, the said voters of said hamlet, village, town or community, and asking you, the said voters, for your support or aid or toleration, I take occasion to say or affirm to you, the said voters, that my hat, cap, tile, bonnet, lid, kelly or other covering for the head is now in the ring or circle or circlet, as the case may be.

"I wish further to say or affirm to the said voters of the said hamlet, village, town or community that I feel bully, fine and otherwise physically fit, by George, or other name or appellation suited to the exigencies of the moment, and that if elected to the exalted office of President of the United States by the said voters of the said hamlet, village, town or community, I shall try, endeavor or otherwise attempt to hit, smite, assail, assault or otherwise strike the line with force, vim, vigor, power, precision or—Why, the train is moving! What is the matter?"

The campaign manager took the Judge gently by the arm and led him to a campstool.

"Nothing, nothing is the matter," he said with admirable composure; "nothing of consequence, that is. It is merely that our schedule calls for but a ten-minute stop, halt or linger at this particular water-tank, dump or collection of sod huts, and we have to keep it, that's all. It's a lucky thing you broke away from the judicial temperament, Judge; otherwise you'd have had time only to wave your hat, cap, tile, bonnet, lid or kelly at 'em."



"He says he can't give us a room on account of the convention."

"What! Does that man dare to insinuate we aren't married?"



## The Seven Arts by James Huneker

### Old Books and New

The silly season is almost upon us. No doubt our old friend will bob up again with his perennial query: If you were cast away on a coral reef, what books would you prefer? The five-foot shelf in the Archipelago! Let me suggest a variation. What is the best reading when marooned in a sick chamber? The convalescent is a species of derelict humanity. He or she needs spiritual refreshment. There is always the Bible, there is always Shakespeare. But even these magnificent classics may prove too heavy a burden for a brain weakened by pain. Dante and Goethe are for our high-pulsed hours. I felt Thomas à Kempis more consoling than Faust when I dawdled a few weeks ago about my prison cell at home. In vain I tried to re-read George Meredith, but found his brilliancy blinding. I took down Anthony Trollope and at once I was embarked on a gentle adventure, smoothly sailing over the fat, green meadow lands of Bonnie England, conversing with innocuous curates, admiring a multitude of sweet girls, such as Lily Dale, and watching with wonder the autocratic doings of Mrs. Proudie, the immortal wife of Barchester's henpecked bishop. What if Johnny Eames, or the Earl of Thingumabob, the Duke of Omnium, Mr. Crawley, Archdeacon Grantly, Griselda, his daughter, or the rest of the crowded canvas, are people who in life would bore us immeasurably. The chief point is that they are alive. Few latter-day novelists can lay claim to so varied a group of characters. I know that it was once the fashion to call Trollope a colorless, commonplace writer. He has not the style of Meredith, nor is he romantic like Thomas Hardy; his puppets are simple as to their psychology when compared to the complicated creatures of George Eliot. Nevertheless, he can interest us because he is sincere, clear, and despises buncombe. Not precisely for the august company of Dickens or Thackeray, Anthony Trollope still holds his own. I felt the old thrill in the famous Chapter Eighteen of "The Last Chronicle of Barset," with its crushing retort of the curate Crawley to Mrs. Proudie. "Peace, woman!" achieves a climax nearly as effective as the great scene in "Vanity Fair" when Steyne tests the mettle of Rawdon Crawley. I re-read the entire Barchester series: The Warden, Barchester Towers, Doctor Thorne, Framley Parsonage, The Small House at Allington, and The Last Chronicle of Barset. There is no better gossip in English fiction, Jane Austen excepted.

### Zola

Then I read the Life of the Duke of Newcastle by his Duchess, Margaret—beloved of Charles Lamb—all these books, Trollope as well, are now in the Everyman Library—and marvelled over her delightful dulness and edifying constancy. *Chacun à ses dégoûts*—as they don't say is Paris. However, Margaret is a quaint soporific. Suddenly I switched to Zola and re-read the Rougon-Macquart series, twenty volumes

long. I emerged morally unscathed (tough old lad), though with nerves somewhat shaken. What I did discover—for myself, be it understood—was a power of characterization of which I never dreamed Émile Zola the possessor. There is a surplussage of description; the books are so heavily weighted with bricks and mortar, sawdust and sewage, that it is a miracle they are able to float; but float they do, like an evil odor. (I couldn't help recalling the criticism of Gabriele d'Annunzio's early fiction by Henry James, as a vile smell of gas escaping somewhere on the Italian's premises.) The general impression of Zola is that of a nightmare. "L'Assomoir" is the best of the series in its vitality and characterization. Yet in "Pot-Bouille," a book stuffed with nastiness—nasty because untrue to human nature—there is the portrait of the Eternal Mother-in-Law, Madame Jossérand, with her two precious daughters, Berthe and Hortense. A formidable female, indeed; and almost as real as a Trollope figure, though painted in more blazing pigments. After "La Débâcle" the modulation to "L'Attaque du Moulin" is easy, and when I had laid these books down I swore never to read another war story—and Zola's art is never so filed out as in the shorter tale; but Elizabeth Dryden's "Paris in Herrick Days" came my way and I soon was immersed in her interesting narrative of present Paris. Otherwise the daily newspapers should suffice one's craving for the ghastly. But you must not suppose Zola satisfied me. I re-read that masterpiece of masterpieces, "Anna Karenina," and for old time's sake plunged anew into "Great Expectations," and realized the futility of certain critical pronouncements. Dickens dead? Dickens old-fashioned? Well, if he is, then so is Balzac. "Vanity Fair" was a draught of Hippocrene after the sour beverage brewed by Zola. Becky Sharp is as immortal as Anna Karenina and Emma Bovary. Then I had a surprise. Confident that I had read all Dostoevsky, I started with "A Raw Youth," and discovered new territory. What this sombre, mystical and powerful fiction is named in Russian or French I can't say; nor do I know whether it is an earlier work, but I suspect it is a later one because in it there are several traits and situations that recall "The Idiot," "The Gambler," and "Crime and the Punishment."

Some years ago I wrote in Puck that a poet in America is a joke. A great change has since taken place. (It's now the poetry that is the joke.) The poet to-day is omnipresent. The "New Poetry" is arrived. It was already old in Paris twenty-five years and more; I mean *Vers libres*. Vance Thompson precisely two decades ago, and in "Mlle. New York," wrote free rhymes and rhythms, so it was a pleasure to receive a slender volume of his entitled "Verses" and find therein old favorites. Thompson is essentially a sensitive and subtle poet, even though he does "drop into" "Drink and Be Sober"; "Eat and Grow Thin"—I put on twenty pounds by following its tantalizing menus; and "The Ego Book." His latest prose is "The Carnival of Destiny," a chain of brilliant chapters developed from one theme like some stately fugue. In its pages there is romantic prose that would have pleased Flaubert; for instance, "Make the Bed for Attila," or the dramatic "Emperor's Gift"—the latter the stuff from which may be woven exciting drama.

I note that Don Marquis, of the "Evening Sun," calls Benjamin de Casseres "a genius." Some of us before the witty critic knew this, for Ben is not the sort that hides his light under the bushel of mediocrity. He knows a good thing when he sees it, and "The Shadow Eater" is good, though his later work—not yet between covers—is bigger. Once upon a time the only Ben told me that I reminded him of a building on the roof of which a vaudeville performance was going on, while in the basement a symphony orchestra was playing. Notwithstanding the inevitable invocation of Asiatic cholera of the second simile, I enjoyed the description, which also fits De Casseres. He is a poet doubled by a vaudevillist; when he dampens his fiery verbal volcano he will produce something worth while. He is our original Futurist, and the most audacious, erratic (also erotic) Imagist of them all. But I do wish the young chaps would stop imitating the piffle and hogwash of Walt Camden. His unique personal accent they never capture.

(Continued on page 21)

### Contemporary



# ROOSEVELT IS ITS CHOICE!— With Hughes for Running Mate

Republican Convention in heroic mood of resignation, and won't be happy till it gets him, says the Colonel.



A bit of the gallery in turmoil.



A thousand women camped out in Grant Park.

*By Puck's Own Correspondent*  
CHICAGO, June 7.—The National Republican convention opened its session this morning in a mood of heroic resignation, for the outcome, seemingly, is already in sight. It is freely predicted in certain quarters that the Chicago Coffee Party of 1916—so named in honor of Col. Theodore Roosevelt's heroic willingness to accept a third cup—will be written down in American history alongside of the Boston Tea Party.

One Who Knows declares that the final roll call will give the Colonel 750 votes to 328 for Justice Hughes, and that the name of the Justice will then be placed upon the ticket as the convention's first choice for second place. This word may be accepted as final, for it comes from no less a source than the Colonel himself.

"I!—I!—I!—I!" roared the Colonel, "am the convention's choice!"

The session, he continued, is to be one of the briefest and stormiest in the political annals of the country. The mood of the delegates throughout is to be thoroughly heroic and should often reach "bully heights of belligerency."

The presence of an army of women, here for the double purpose of attending the convention and participating in a great suffrage parade, bids fair to fail to temper the warlike atmosphere. Unable to find accommodation in the overcrowded hotels, more than a thousand women camped out last night (not without discomforts) in Grant Park by the lake front, and their tents added a last touch of warlike picturesqueness to a scene of palpitant militancy.

## Convention Notes.

Professor William Howard Taft thought of attending the convention as a reporter for the *Vale Review*, but changed his mind at the last moment.

"It would interfere with my research work," he decided. "I've just got hold of a new book on 'How To Putt.'"

The weather man reported this as the warmest June 7 in forty years, and predicted higher temperature for tomorrow.



A negro delegate tried to excite the convention by declaring that the Roosevelt faction had bribed him. When asked to produce the money, he replied: "Cain't, boss—honest, ah done spent th' evidence!"



"I—I—I—I—I!"



The Convention in heroic mood.



Broad-brimmed felt hats were as numerous as ever. Men who wouldn't dare to wear them at home glory in them at conventions.

### Diplomas of Experience

**BUSINESS MAN** (to applicant for job) — Have you a college diploma?

**APPLICANT** — No, sir; but I have several mining stock certificates that might be offered in evidence that I have been through the school of experience.

In Anatole France's Comedy of the Man Who Married a Dumb Wife, there are dozens of arguments advanced to show how advantageous it is for a judge to be deaf. To which it might be added, that if he is dumb as well, he has a chance of being nominated for President — by the Republican Party.



IN THE REPUBLICAN AIR AT CHICAGO

### Preparedness

A group of women met together the other day to organize a militia encampment. There was much wrangling among them, as everyone wanted to be Colonel, Major, or Captain, at least. All but a little fat girl who sat in the corner saying nothing.

When all the offices had been arranged for, some one said to her:

"Well, Mabel, what will you be?"

"I," said Mabel, comfortably, "will be the Awkward Squab."

"Some reporters," said James Keely, the Chicago publisher, "don't pursue their stories far enough. I have in mind a reporter who would have gotten back from Belshazzar's Feast with the menu card all right, and missed the Handwriting on the Wall."

Forty thousand persons want to see the G. O. P. convention, and the impression is gaining ground that it will be a better show than the Battle of Verdun.



Bertie seems to have more ready money since he became a Futurist. Does that mean that he is making it pay?

It means that he has applied the Futurist principle to his dealings with tradesmen.

### THE FAVORITE SON

(A Ballade of Convention Week)

Where, quoth poets, is last year's snow?  
Where is Washington's cherry tree?  
Where is the Raven of Edgar Poe?  
These are simple as a b c;  
Trivial queries, they seem to me,  
For I am deep in a difficult one,  
Seeking an answer, if such there be:  
Where is the Boom of the Favorite Son?

Where are the winds that used to blow?  
Where is the change of pay-day's V?  
Where is the land where the bong trees grow?  
These are simple as a b c;  
These are things for a tot of three.  
To shatter the nerves and the brain to stun,  
Tackle Chicago's mystery:  
Where is the Boom of the Favorite Son?

Where did Charley of Ross fame go?  
Dorothy Arnold — where is she?  
Mysteries? Yes; but baffling, no;  
These are simple as a b c;  
Yea; authorities all agree,  
Argument over and wrangling done,  
One, one only, is shy a key:  
Where is the Boom of the Favorite Son?

Time and Space and Eternity —  
These are simple as a b c;  
This has all of 'em on the run:  
Where is the Boom of the Favorite Son?  
— A. H. F.

### Harsh Words

The dentist told me I had a large cavity that needed filling.

Did he recommend any special course of study?





Figures symbolic of the (American) Arts that we will find on the Public Libraries of the land after Roosevelt has thoroughly "Americanized America" according to his apparent idea of "Americanization."

## WHAT MRS. FORTESCUE DID

By H. C. BUNNER

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

RIGHT in the rear of the First Congregational Church of 'Quawket, and cornerwise across the street, the Old Ladies' Home of Aquawket sits on the topmost of a series of velvety green terraces. It is a quiet street; the noisiest thing in it, or rather over it, is the bell in the church steeple, and that is as deep toned and mellow as all church bells ought to be and few church bells are. As to the Old Ladies' Home, itself, it looks like the veritable abode of peace. A great wistaria clammers over its dull brown stucco walls. Beds of old-fashioned flowers nod and sway in the chastened breezes on its two sunny sides, and thick clumps of lilacs and syringas shield it to the north and east. Dainty little dimity curtains flutter at the open windows all Summer long; and, whether it comes from the immaculately neat chambers of the old ladies, or from some of the old-fashioned flower beds, there is always, in warm weather, a faint smell of lavender floating down upon the breeze to the passer-by in the quiet street. You would never dream, to look at it, that the mad, inhuman, pitiless strife and fury of an Old Ladies' Home raged ceaselessly, year after year, within those quiet walls.

Now suppose that every wasp in a certain wasp's nest had an individual theology of its own, totally different from the theology of any other wasp, and that each one personally conducted his theology in the real earnest calvinistic spirit—you would call that wasp's nest a pretty warm, lively, interesting domicile, would you not? Well, it would be a paradise of paralysis alongside of an Old Ladies' Home. If you want to get at the original compound tincture of envy, malice and all uncharitableness, go to a nice, respectable Old Ladies' Home

with a list of "Lady Patronesses" as long as your arm, and get the genuine article in its most highly concentrated form.

There were eleven inmates of the Old Ladies' Home of Aquawket besides the matron, the nurse, the cook, and a couple of "chore-girls." These two last led a sort of life that came very near to qualifying them for admission to the institution on a basis of premature old age. Of the real old ladies in the home, every one of the eleven had a bitter and undying grievance against at least one, and, possibly, against ten of her companions, and the only thing that held the ten oldest of the band together was the burning scorn and hatred which they all felt for the youngest of the flock, Mrs. Williametta Fortescue, who signed what few letters she wrote "Willie," and had been known to the world as "Billy" Fortescue when she sang in comic opera and wore pink tights.

All the other old ladies said that Mrs. Fortescue was a daughter of Belial, a play actress, and no old lady, anyway. I know nothing about her ancestry—and I don't believe that she did, either; but as to the other two counts in the indictment I am afraid I must plead guilty for Mrs. Fortescue. An actress she was, to the tips of her fingers, an unconscious, involuntary, dyed-in-the-wool actress. She acted because she could not help it, not from any wish to deceive or mislead, but just because it came as natural to her as breathing. If you asked her to take a piece of pie, it was not enough for her to want the pie, and to tell you so, and to take the pie; she had to act out the whole dramatic business of the situation—her passion for pie, her eager craving and anxious expectation, her incredulous delight when she actually got the pie, and her tender, brooding thankfulness and gratitude when she had got outside of the pie, and put it where it couldn't be taken away from her.

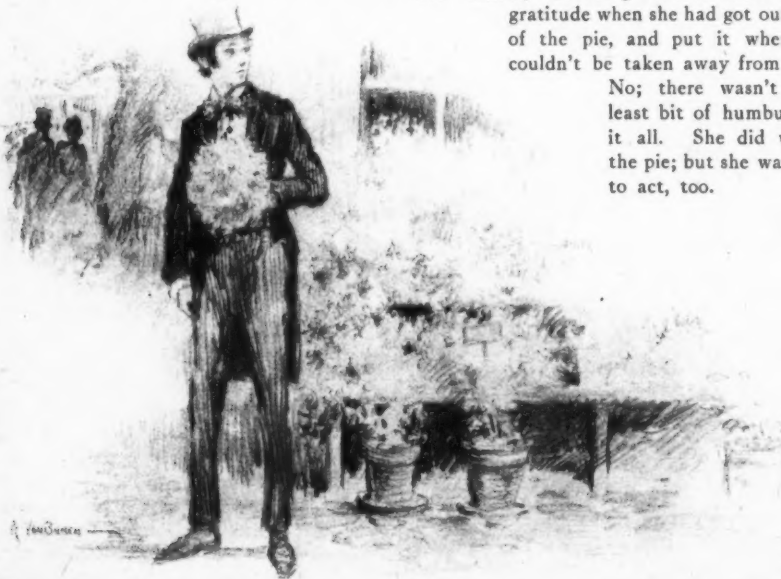
No; there wasn't the least bit of humbug in it all. She did want the pie; but she wanted to act, too.

It was this characteristic of Mrs. Fortescue that got her into the Old Ladies' Home on false pretenses; for, to tell the truth, Mrs. Fortescue was only an old lady by courtesy. She had beautiful white hair; but she had had beautiful white hair ever since she was twenty years old. Before she had reached that age she had had red hair, black hair, brown hair, golden hair, and hair of half-a-dozen intermediate shades. Either the hair or the hair dye finally got tired, and Mrs. Fortescue's head became white—that is, when she gave it a chance to be its natural self. That, however, was not often; and, at last, there came a day when, as her manager coarsely expressed it, "she monkeyed with her, fur one time too many." For ten years she had been the leading lady in a small travelling opera company, where tireless industry and a willingness to wait for salary were accepted as substitutes for extreme youth and commanding talent. Ten years is a long time, especially when it is neither the first nor



These are what are known as "stock-printing"

the second, and, possibly, not the third ten years of an actress's professional career; and when Mrs. Fortescue asked for a contract for three years more, her manager told her that he was not in the business for his health, and that while he regarded her as one of the most elegant ladies he had ever met in his life, her face was not made of India rubber; and, furthermore, that the public was just about ready for the Spring styles in leading ladies. This did not hurt Mrs. Fortescue's feelings, for the leading juvenile had long been in the habit of calling her "Mommer, dear," whenever they had to rehearse impassioned love scenes. But it did put her on her mettle, and she tried a new hair dye, just to show what she could do. The result was a case of lead poisoning, that laid her up in a dirty little second-class hotel, in a back street of 'Quawket, for three months of suffering and helplessness. The company went its way and left her, and went to pieces in the end. The greater part of her poor savings went for the expenses of her sickness. At last, when the critical period was over, her doctor got some charitably-disposed ladies and gentlemen interested in her case; and, between them all, they



"Boy; three dollars a week in an architect's office, spent two-fifty of them, two weeks running, for flowers for that young lady when she stayed her first engagement in New Haven."





*Mrs. Fortescue looked at him with admiration mingled with respect; then she looked puzzled.*

procured admission to the Old Ladies' Home for a poor, white-haired, half-palsied wreck of a woman, who not only was decrepit before her time, but who acted decrepitude so successfully that nobody thought of asking her if she were less than eighty years old. I do not mean to say that Mrs. Fortescue wilfully deceived her benefactors: she was old—oldish, anyway—she was helpless, partially paralyzed, and her system was permeated with lead; but when she came to add to this the correct dramatic outfit of expression, she was *so* old, and *so* sick, and so utterly miserable and stricken and done for that the hearts of the managers of the Old Ladies' Home were opened, and they took her in at half the usual entrance fee; because, as the matron very thoughtfully remarked, she couldn't possibly live six weeks, and it was just so much clear gain for the institution. By the end of six weeks, however, Mrs. Fortescue was just as well as she had ever been in her life, and was acting about twice as healthy as she felt.

With her trim figure, her elastic step, and her beautiful white hair setting off her rosy cheeks—and Mrs. Fortescue knew how to have rosy cheeks whenever she wanted them—she certainly was an incongruous figure in an Old Ladies' Home, and it was no wonder that her presence made the genuine old ladies genuinely mad. And every day of her stay they got

madder and madder; for by the constitution of the Home, an inmate might, if dissatisfied with her surroundings, after a two-years' stay withdraw from the institution, *taking her entrance fee with her*. And that was why Mrs. Fortescue staid on in the Old Ladies' Home, snubbed, sneered at, totally indifferent to it all.

And yet the time came when Mrs. Fortescue's histrionic capacity won for her, if not a friend, at least an ally, out of the snarling sisterhood; and for a few brief months there was just one old woman out of the lot who was decently civil to her.

\* \* \* \* \*

This old woman was Mrs. Filley, and this was the manner of her modification.

One pleasant Spring day, a portly gentleman of powerful frame, with ruddy cheeks and short, steel-gray hair—a man whose sturdy physique hardly suited with his absent-minded, unbusiness-like expression of countenance—ascended the terraces in front of the Old Ladies' Home. His brows were knit; he looked upon the ground as he walked, and he did not in the least notice the eleven old ladies, the matron, the nurse, the cook and the two "chore-girls" who were watching his every step with profound interest.

Mrs. Fortescue was watching the gentleman with interest, because she thought that he was a singularly fine-looking and well-preserved man, as indeed he was.

All the other inmates of the Home were watching him with interest because he was Mr. Josiah Heatherington Filley, the millionaire architect, civil engineer and contractor. Their interest, however, was not excited by Mr. Filley's fame as a designer of mighty bridges, of sky-scraping office buildings, and of other triumphs of mechanical skill; they looked on him with awe and rapture simply because he was the richest man in 'Quawket, or, more properly speaking, in 'Quawket Township; for Mr. Filley lived in the old manor-house of the Filley family, a couple of miles out of town.

To Mrs. Filley of the Home the visit of Mr. Filley of the Manor House was as the visit of a stranger; and very much surprised, indeed, was she when the great man asked to see her.

In spite of his absent-minded expression, Mr. Filley proved to be both direct and business-like. He explained his errand briefly and clearly.

Mr. Filley was a bachelor, and the last of his branch of the family. His only surviving relative was a half-brother by his mother's first marriage, who had lived a wandering and worthless life, and who had died in the West a widower, leaving one child, a girl of nine, in a Massachusetts boarding-school. This child he had bequeathed to the loving care and attention of his brother. It is perfectly wonderful how men of that particular sort, who never can get ten dollars ahead of the world, will pick up a tremendous responsibility of that kind, and throw it around just as if it were a half-pound dumb-bell. They don't seem to mind it at all; it does not weigh upon their spirits; they will pass over a growing child to anybody who happens to be handy, to be taken care of for life, just as easily as you would hand a towel over to the next man at the wash-basin, as soon as you are done with it. Mr. Filley's half-brother may have died easily, and probably did, but he could not possibly have made such a simple job of it as he did of turning over Etta Adelina, his daughter, to the care of the half-brother whom he hardly knew well enough to borrow money from oftener than once a year.

Now, Mr. Josiah Filley had promised his mother on her death-bed that he would assume a certain sort of responsibility for the consequences of the perfectly legitimate but highly injudicious matrimonial excursion of her early youth, and so he accepted the guardianship of Etta Adelina. But he was not, as the worldly phrase it, "*too easy*." He was a profound scientific student, and a man whose mind was wrapt up in his profession, but he did not propose to make a parade-ground of himself for everybody who might feel inclined to walk over him. He had no intention of taking the care of a nine-year old infant upon himself, and the happy idea had come to him of hunting up the last feminine bearer of his name in the 'Quawket Old Ladies' Home, and hiring her for a liberal cash payment to represent him as a quarterly visitor to the school where the young one was confined.

"I don't suppose," he said, "there is any actual relationship between us—"

(Continued on page 23)



## THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS



### True Preparedness

A folding baby carriage in good condition. Cheap if taken at once. Also a double barreled 16 gauge shot gun. Inquire downstairs, 520 Hancock-st.

—*Sandusky (Ohio) Register.*

### He Looked Pleasant Himself

Mr. Ralph Slane, the photographer who had the studio over the Happy leased. has left town. Mr. Slane seemed to be a very pleasant and agreeable fellow, and in fact was too pleasant and agreeable. That was his downfall. Like so many people his friends were his hindrance.

—*The Rich Hill (Mo.) Enterprise.*

### It May Be All Right

Josh Stitzenhazer and Helen Blazes were locked in the blessed embrace of love, at the home of Si Abner.

—*The Seneca (Mo.) News Dispatch.*

### Awaiting Offers

Tony Dolce is the proud possessor of a brand new kitchen cabinet, and it's a dandy, too. Surely the next thing in order will be a wife.

—*The Lusk (Wyo.) Herald.*

### So Saying, He Did

As the news has not been wrote from Draughon for some time, I will write.

—*The Kingsland (Ark.) Leader.*

### But Why?

Mrs. Odella Upton, wife of Rev. J. J. Upton, pastor of the Otway Methodist Church, rendered noble service in assisting families to remove their effects. Starting in at the lower end of the village she hurried from house to house, sometimes with almost superhuman strength, jerking pianos and other heavy articles out of the homes while the excited owners helplessly looked on.

—*The Portsmouth (O.) Times.*

### Where He Came From

Mr. Harris, who has been with the Stewart barber shop for several weeks, has resigned his position. He has several patents pending and he is giving up his work here so he can give more attention to them. He is a cigar maker by trade but he never indulges in smoking. He is also a graduate from an osteopath college. Mr. Harris is a very fine appearing young man and many regrets are expressed that he is leaving Effingham.

—*The Effingham (Kan.) New Era.*

### How Many Stones

Lester Stone left Saturday for Seattle, where they will visit kinsmen. He bought the tickets from a party that backed out and they consider it a good bargain, such as he always makes.

—*The Porter (O.) Sentinel.*

### Their Conception of Art

Vernie Van Noy is a regular attendant at singing, and while he doesn't know anything about vocal music, or even enjoy it, he amuses himself by drawing pen sketches of the singers, and does it well. Of course if a fellow doesn't do much he should do it well.

—*The Van Buren County (Ark.) Democrat.*

### Did They Expect More?

Mrs. Asselin carried \$2,000 life insurance, the house was insured for \$800 and the contents for \$500. An accident policy on the life of little Marie amounts to \$60.

Mr. Asselin and his sorrowing family have the sympathy of the entire community.

—*Cheboygan (Mich.) Daily Tribune.*

PUCK will be glad to have the assistance of readers in the collection of items for this page. If you come across a clipping which is a worthy example of the freedom of the press, send it in to K. S., care of Puck.

### A Romance

One night last week, with a cow they had gone in search of, tied to a telegraph pole outside, a couple of our popular young men were spending the evening with a lady friend, while the anxious parent of one of them, with the aid of a lantern, was scouring the country looking for the lost bovine and youthful swain.

—*The Valparaiso (Ind.) Vidette.*

### Getting More than You Expect

For Sale—A Guernsey cow, gives a good quality of milk, also hay, rope, pulleys and small refrigerator.

—*The Monmouth (Ill.) Review.*

### The Mystery Deepened

At the Rector store a brick was thrown through the glass in a door and the thief unlocked the door through the opening made. Mr. Rector missed nothing to-day except about two pounds of candy.

At first it was thought that boys were the guilty parties, but on the glass door at the Rector store the finger prints indicated a large hand.

—*Bluffton (Ind.) Banner.*

### New Diversion

There was a candy-biting at Lee Browns' Saturday night and quite a large crowd attended.

—*The Stone County (Ark.) Record.*

### We Learn a Word

Mr. Emory Smith is very dauncy at this writing. Cheer up, old fellow, after rain comes sunshine.

—*The Berkeley Springs (W. Va.) Post.*

### Active

The Woman's club has had so many ice cream suppers and box parties here until they have iced up and boxed everything clean out.

—*Washington (N. C.) Progress.*

## ADVENTURES ON THE CLOTHES-LINE



"Good morning—



Good afternoon—



Good-night—I forgot this was leap-year!"

LOUIS JANG





Little Girl — "Say, Mister, will you please do a drill for Billie an' me?"

### The Party Platform

One of the interesting and absorbing features of every national political convention is the framing of the party platform.

The identity of the man who conceived the idea of a party platform has long since been forgotten, but the custom is one that has come down through the ages.

There has never been any real necessity for a party platform, because, regardless of the platform, the successful party does just about as it pleases, anyway.

There are important planks in every platform, but these planks are removed when occasion requires.

Platforms are a great convenience for many of the convention statesmen, who wouldn't have anything to do if there were no platforms to build.

These convention statesmen haven't very much to do, anyway, otherwise they wouldn't be killing time at a convention. They would be back home, and at work.

The all-important thing about a party platform is this: It takes time to frame it.

If the convention were to do nothing but nominate the candidates, the business could be adjusted in a day or two and the crowd could start back home. So the platform deliberations are really necessary as a stimulant to the home merchants and hotel keepers of the Convention City.

Usually the party platform is a rhetorical la-la-pa-looza, in which the party either "points with pride" or "views with alarm." If the platform represents the party in power, it points with pride. If it is the platform of the party not in power, then it views with alarm.

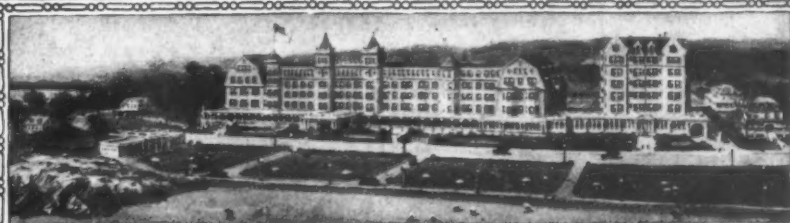
The party platforms, after their final adoption, are heralded broadcast throughout the country by the press associations; and the newspapers, in turn, print them in full, sometimes with decorative borders.

Only the editors read the printed platforms. An ancient custom requires them to comment editorially upon the party platforms, so there is no way out of it.

The Congressional Record does not print party platforms. Thus proving that the Congressional Record could be a whole lot worse than it is.



## The New Ocean House at Swampscott, Mass.



**R**IGHT on the ocean, fourteen miles from Boston on the historic "North Shore." ☐ Bathing, boating, tennis, motoring, dancing and golf nearby; an unsurpassed cuisine. ☐ During the last year the New Ocean House has been enlarged and improved and 450 guests can now be accommodated. ☐ Telephone in every room. Garage on hotel ground; efficient, courteous service. A summer hotel de luxe. ☐ Rates \$5 a day and up.

**E. R. GRABOW & COMPANY**

Owners and Managers

131 State Street :: Boston, Mass.

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## Are You Going Away This Summer?

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Drawn by R. O. Evans

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MRS. FLATLEIGH — Yes, he wanted to burn some papers this morning and discovered that there is no furnace in the building.

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# The Seven Arts

(Continued from page 12)

## Variety

Especially for the delectation of music critics is a tiny book: "The Artist: A Drama without Words," by H. L. Mencken, richly satirical in humor. It is a parody on the musical temperament, which should be read by all musical and unmusical people; especially the snobs. Gustav Kobbé has, in "Modern Women," set forth some phases of the contemporary lady who is living on her nerves and incidentally getting on the nerves of her indulgent husband. Without bitterness the author, a well-known critic, swiftly portrays "the overwrought feminism" of the day and in consequence has brought about his head a swarm of hornets. It's rather dangerous to tell the truth about women, particularly when your only audience is woman herself. Mr. Kobbé is a man of courage. In "Clipped Wings" Rupert Hughes explores the histrionic temperament entertainingly. His stageland is nearer the normal than most books about actors. After reading "Children of Hope" I have high expectations for the literary future of Stephen Whitman. It is his third "important" novel, and a larger canvas than the others. The Ohio "folks," a father and three daughters, who go to Florence, are genuine characters. The book is too diffuse, but the main business of the novelist, characterization, is never lost sight of. Mr. Whitman has a delicate vein of ironic humor and he has read Flaubert with profit. It was a capital idea of Mitchell Kennerly to print privately "The Country of the Blind," by H. G. Wells, an exquisite allegory and a timely. The latest offering of the Drama League series of plays is "The Mothers," by Georg Hirschfeld, translated by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn. The play is both good literature and sound drama.



Stranger—"Won't you be glad to be a regular sportsman like either of us some day?"

Boy—"Naw, I'd rather ketch a few fish."

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**RUMORTERIA** — A room to which unimportant and unimaginative delegates can go and, for 25 cents, purchase from a successful writer of fiction one substantial and original rumor guaranteed to attract the attention and hold the interest of all persons to whom it is told. If told to a reporter, the rumor can be depended on to get the teller's name in the paper.

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**LETTERTERIA** — A slot machine from which, by depositing a dime, one may obtain a chatty, personal, neatly typewritten letter to one's wife, together with a blank and unstamped envelope. The letters may be of two sorts — the just-arrived letter, and the yesterday-was-a-busy-day letter. They would be couched in general terms and would arouse no suspicion in the minds of recipients. The yesterday-was-a-busy-



The Old Hen — They needn't be so conceited. I can remember when they were only a couple of eggs.

day letter, for example, would read: "Dear Wife:— The weather is very warm; and I have had to buy some more collars. My fingers are so moist that I cannot grasp my pen firmly, so I am dictating this letter to the stenographer at political headquarters. I talked with Senator Lodge yesterday. He is looking poorly, and says that he longs to get down to Nahant for the summer. Yesterday was a busy day, and the hard work made me so nervous that I didn't sleep well last night. I shall be glad to get back to my own quiet little home. Love to all, from your loving husband, —"

**TROUSERPRESSINGTERIA** — A commodious shop containing ten stalls, in each of which is a fool-proof trouser-pressing machine. The patron removes his trousers, places them in the machine, locks it, sits down and reads a newspaper for five minutes, drops ten cents in the machine and receives his trousers back carefully pressed. After putting them on, he stands in front of an electric fan for five minutes more to allow the crease to become fixed, and then goes back to the bar-room around the corner from the convention-hall.

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WRITE NAME AND ADDRESS IN MARGIN BELOW



## What Mrs. Fortescue Did

(Continued from Page 17)

"There ain't none," interrupted Mrs. Filley; "leastwise there ain't been none since your father got money enough to send you to college."

Mr. Filley smiled indulgently.

"Well," he suggested, "suppose we re-establish relationship as cousins. All you have to do for some years to come is to visit the Tophill Institute once in three months, satisfy yourself that the child is properly taken care of and educated, and kindly treated, and to make a full and complete report to me in writing. If anything is wrong, let me know. I shall examine your reports carefully. Whether it is favorable or unfavorable, if I am satisfied that it is correct and faithful, I will send you my check for fifty dollars. Is it a bargain?"

It was a bargain, but poor old Mrs. Filley stipulated for a payment in cash instead of by check. As to Mr. Josiah Filley, he was not wholly satisfied with the representative of his family, so far as grammar and manners were concerned; but he saw with his scholar's eye, that looked so absent-minded and took in so much, that the old lady was both shrewd and kindly-natured, and he felt sure that Etta Adelina would be safe in her hands.

Nine of Mrs. Filley's aged comrades, and all the members of the household staff, consumed their souls in bitterness, wondering what the millionaire had wanted of his humble kinawoman; and three times in the course of one year they saw that excellent woman put on her Sunday black silk and take her silent way to the railroad station. On the day following they saw her return, but where she had been or why she had been there they knew not. By the rules of the Home she had a right to eight days of absence annually. She told the matron that she was going to see her "folks." The matron knew well that she had not a folk in the world, but she had to take the old lady's word.

But did not those dear old ladies ask the ticket-agent at the station what station Mrs. Filley took tickets for? Indeed they did, bless them! And the ticket-agent told them that Mrs. Filley had bought a thousand-mile ticket, and that they would have to hunt up the conductors who took up her coupons on the next division of the road, if they wanted to find out.

And yet Mrs. Filley's happiness was incomplete, for it was necessary to let one person into her secret. She put it on her spectacles, which had not been of the right kind for a number of years, owing to the inferiority of modern glass ware, but defective education was what brought Mrs. Filley to making a confidante of Mrs. Fortescue. No spectacles that ever were made would have enabled Mrs. Filley to spell, and when she began her first report thus:

"i sene the gerl She had or to hav cod-livor roil —"

even she, herself, felt that it was hardly the report for Mr. Filley. Here is the way that Mrs. Fortescue started off that report in her fine Italian hand:

(Continued on page 24)

**Vafiadis**  
CIGARETTES

*Purveyed to the Household of the Khedive,  
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*Those Americans who have smoked our Vafiadis (Vah-fee-ah-dis) Cigarettes abroad may now obtain them in the United States — because to Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company, who import them, we have also given the sole right to manufacture them from our Cairo formula.*

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Rates—Without Bath, \$1.50  
With Bath, \$2.00 and up.  
**FRANK KIMBLE, Mgr.**

### What Mrs. Fortescue Did

(Continued from page 23)

"It gives me the greatest pleasure, my dear Mr. Filley, to inform you that, pursuant to your instructions, I journeyed yesterday to the charming, and I am sure salubrious shades of Tophill, to look after the welfare of your interesting and precocious little ward. Save for the slight pallor which might suggest the addition of some simple tonic stimulant, such as codliver oil, to the generous fare of the Tophill Academy, I found your little Etta Adelina in every respect —"

Mrs. Filley's name was signed to that report in the same fine Italian hand; and it surprised Mr. Filley very much when he saw it. But there was more surprise ahead for Mr. Filley.

As a business man Mr. Filley read the paper, but not the local papers of 'Quawket, for it was seldom that the papers were local there long enough to get anybody into the habit of reading them. Thus it came about that he failed to see the notice of the death of old Mrs. Filley, which occurred in the Old Ladies' Home something less than a twelve-month after the date of his first and only visit. The death occurred, however, but the reports kept on coming in the same fine Italian hand, and with the same generous freedom in language of the most expansive sort. No man could have got more report for fifty dollars than Mr. Filley got, and the report did not begin to be the most of what he was getting.

Sometimes clergymen but slightly acquainted with the theatrical business are surprised, when traveling through small towns to see lithographs and posters displaying the features of great stars of the theatrical and operatic world, who are billed to appear in some local opera house about two sizes larger than a cigar-box. The portraits are familiar, the names under them are not.

This explanation of an interesting custom is made to forestall the reader's surprise at learning that two years and a half after her retirement from the stage, and ten years, at least, after the retirement of such of her youthful charms as might have justified the exhibition, the portrait of Mrs. Fortescue, arrayed in silk tights, of a most constricted pattern—not constrained at all, simply constricted—decorated scores of fences in what theatrical people call the "Quawket Circuit," which circuit includes the charming and presumably salubrious shades of Tophill. There was no mistaking Mrs. Fortescue's face; Mrs. Fortescue's attire might have given rise to almost any sort of mistake. The name under the picture was not that of Mrs. Fortescue; it was that of a much advertised young person whose "dramatic specialty" was entitled "Too Much for London; or, Oh, My! Did you Ever!"

Now it is necessary to disinter old Mrs. Filley for a moment, and to smirch her character a little by way of introducing some excuse for what Mrs. Fortescue did.

(Continued on page 25)

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Frank Crowninshield,  
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Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Please write very plainly  
RUCK  
4-11-15



# What Mrs. Fortescue Did

(Continued from page 24)

By the time Mrs. Fortescue had cooked her third report, she had found out that the old lady had not quite kept faith with her employer. At the Tophill Institute she had represented herself as Mr. Filley's mother, gaining thereby much consideration and many cups of tea. So that when she died, with the rest of her secret hidden from all but Mrs. Fortescue, the latter lady, having fully made up her mind to appropriate the job, felt that it behooved her to go her predecessor one better, and when she made her appearance at Tophill it was in the character of Mr. Filley's newly married wife. She told the sympathetic all about it, how Mr. Filley and she had known each other from childhood, how he had always loved her, how she had wedded another to please her family, how the other had died and Mr. Filley had renewed his addresses, how she had staved him off (I am not quoting her language) until his dear old mother had died, and left him so helpless and lonely that she really had to take pity on him. Mrs. Filley No. 2 got all the consideration she wanted, and the principal sent out for champagne for her, under the impression that that was the daily and hourly drink in all millionaire families. He never found out otherwise from Mrs. Filley, either.

Probably Mrs. Fortescue-Filley had calculated on keeping up her pretty career of imposture until her time of probation at the Home was up, and she could withdraw her entrance fee and vanish at once from 'Quawket and Tophill.

But the appearance of those unholy portraits came without warning, and did their work thoroughly.

Mrs. Fortescue saw the posters on her way to Tophill, but she dauntlessly presented herself at the portal. She got no further. The principal interposed himself between her and his shades of innocents, and he addressed that creature of false pretenses in scathing language—or it might have scathed if the good man had not been so angry that he talked falsetto.

It did not look as if there were much in the situation for Mrs. Fortescue, but it would be a strange situation out of which the old lady could not extract just the least little bit of acting. She drew herself up in majestic indignation, hurled the calumnies back at the astonished principal, and with a magnificent threat to bring Mr. Filley right to the spot to utterly overwhelm and confute him, she swept away, leaving the Institute looking two sizes smaller, and its principal looking no particular size at all.

She went straight off to the old Filley Manor House at the extreme end of 'Quawket township; she bearded the millionaire builder in his great, cool, darkened office, among his mighty plans and elevations and mysterious models, and she told that great man the whole story of her imposture with such a torrent of comic force, with such marvelous mimicry of the plain-spoken Mrs. Filley and the prim principal, and with

(Continued on page 26)

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### What Mrs. Fortescue Did

(Continued from page 25)

so humorous an introduction of the champagne episode that her victim lay back in his leather arm-chair and roared out mighty peals of laughter.

"I don't see how we can arrange a retrospective, Ma'am; I'm a little too old for that sort of thing, I'm afraid. But I'll tell you what I can do. I'll send my agent at once to take the child out of school, and I'll see that my man doesn't give him any satisfaction or a chance for explanation.

"Why, damn it!" concluded the hearty Mr. Filley; "if I ever see the little prig I'll tell him I think it is a monstrous and great condescension on your part to let yourself be known as the wife of a plain old fellow like me. Why doesn't a man know a handsome woman when he sees her?"

"Then I am forgiven for all my wickedness?" said Mrs. Fortescue—but, oh! how she said it!

"Forgiveness?" repeated Mr. Filley, thoughtfully. "Yes; I think so." Then he rose, crossed the room to a large safe, in which he opened a small drawer. From this he took a small package of papers which he placed in Mrs. Fortescue's hands. She recognized her own reports, and also a curious scrawl on a crumpled and discolored piece of paper, which also she promptly recognized. It was a "screw" that had held three cents' worth of snuff, and she had seen it in Mrs. Filley's hand just about the time that dear old lady was passing away. She read it now for the first time:

"dere mr Filley i kno that fort escew woman is gone to kepon senden them reports an nattel you ime dedd but iam Sara Filley."

"She sent that to me," said Mr. Filley, "by Doctor Butts, the house physician, and between us we managed to get a 'line' on you, Mrs. Fortescue; so that there's been a little duplicity on both sides."

Mrs. Fortescue looked at him with admiration mingled with respect; then she looked puzzled.

"But why, if you knew it all along, why did you—"

"Why did I let you go on?" repeated Mr. Filley. "Well, you've got to have the whole duplicity, I see." He went back to the drawer and took out another object. It was a faded photograph of a young lady with her hair done up in a net, and with a hat like a soap-dish standing straight up on her head.

"Twenty-five years ago," said Mr. Filley, "boy; three dollars a week in an architect's office; spent two-fifty of them, two weeks running, for flowers for that young lady when she played her first engagement in New Haven. Walked there. Paid the other fifty cents to get into the theatre. Lived on apples the rest of the week. Every boy does it. Never forgets it. Place always remains soft."

And, as Mrs. Fortescue sat and looked long and earnestly at the picture a soft color came into her face that was born rather of memory than of her love for acting; and yet it wonderfully simulated youth and fresh beauty and a young joy in life.

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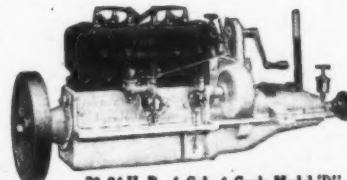
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Swoboda is not the only perfect example of the Swoboda System. He fairly radiates vitality, his whole being pulsating with unusual life and energy. And his mind is even more alert and active than his body; he is tireless. Visit him, talk with him and you are impressed with the fact that you are in the presence of a remarkable personality, a superior product of the Swoboda System of body and personality building. Swoboda embodies in his own super-developed person and in his pupils the best proof of the correctness of his theories and of the success of his methods.

Alois P. Swoboda has, for twenty years, been teaching people how to be really *Alive*—how to take advantage of every moment of life, of every opportunity to better themselves. His system is *more* than a personal advantage, *more* than personal gain, it is truly a gift to humanity, for it enables men and women to enjoy life to the full.

## The Voice You Must Hear

Although the Swoboda system is trifling in cost, men who can afford the most expensive treatments in the world are turning to it. Swoboda numbers among his pupils judges, senators, congressmen, cabinet members, ambassadors, governors, physicians and ministers, working men as well as millionaires.

But it is the voice of the masses, the voice of the great army of plain, every-day people to which you must listen—the voices that say "I would never have believed it possible to gain so much in so short a time." "My capacity for both mental and physical exertion is increasing daily." "I feel like a new person." "Your system has cured me of constipation of 20 years standing." "I feel much better than I have felt for seven or eight years." "I am beginning to forget that I have a body composed of so many organs each of which used to force its presence on my consciousness in a very unpleasant manner at times." "I am 80 years old. After the lessons I feel like a young man." "I feel today 200% better than I did 6 weeks ago." "I never was better in my life than I am today." "I have grown within a few months from a weakling to an unusually strong man."

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